# THE DELUGE

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CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

"Do not put me to the test," I pleaded. Then I added what I knew to be true: "But you will not. You know it would take some one stronger than your uncle, stronger than your parents, to swerve me from what I believe right for you and for me." I had no fear for "to-morrow." The hour when she could defy me had passed.

A long, long silence, the electric speeding southward under the arching trees of the West Drive. I remember it was as we skirted the lower end of the Mall that she said evenly: "You have made me hate you so that it terrifies me. I am afraid of the consequences that must come to you and to me."

"And well you may be," I answered gently. "For you've seen enough of me to get at least a hint of what I would do, if goaded to it. Hate is terrible, Anita, but love can be more terrible."

At the Willoughby she let me help her descend from the electric, waited until I sent it away, walked beside me into the building. My man, Sanders, had evidently been listening for the elevator; the door opened without my ringing, and there he was, bowing low. She acknowledged his welcome with that regard for "appearances" that training had made instinctive. In the center of my—our—drawing-room table was a mass of fresh white roses. "Where did you get 'em?" I asked him, in an aside.

"The elevator boy's brother, sir," he replied, "works in the florist's shop just across the street, next to the church. He happened to be down stairs when I got your message, sir. So I was able to get a few flowers. I'm sorry, sir, I hadn't a little more time."

"You've done noble," said I, and I shook hands with him warmly.

Anita was greeting those flowers as if they were a friend suddenly appearing in a time of need. She turned now and beamed on Sanders. "Thank you, she said; "thank you." And Sanders was hers.

"Anything I can do—ma'am—sir?" asked Sanders.

"Nothing—except send my maid as soon as she comes," she replied.

"I shan't need you," said I.

"Mr. Monson is still here," he said, lingering. "Shall I send him away, sir, or do you wish to see him?"

"I'll speak to him myself in a moment," I answered.

When Sanders was gone, she seated herself and absently played with the buttons of her glove.

"Shall I bring Monson?" I asked. "You know, he's my—factotum."

"I do not wish to see him," she answered.

"You do not like him?"

After a brief hesitation she answered, "No." Not for worlds would she just then have admitted, even to herself, that the cause of her dislike was her knowledge of his habit of tattling, with suitable embroideries, his lessons to me.

I restrained a strong impulse to ask her why, for instinct told me she had some especial reason that somehow concerned me. I said merely: "Then I shall get rid of him."

"Not on my account," she replied indifferently. "I care nothing about him one way or the other."

"He goes at the end of his month," said I.

She was now taking off her gloves. "Before your maid comes," I went on, "let me explain about the apartment. This room and the two leading out of it are yours. My own suite is on the other side of our private hall there."

She colored high, paled. I saw that she did not intend to speak.

I stood awkwardly, waiting for something further to come into my own head. "Good night," said I finally, as if I were taking leave of a formal call.

She did not answer. I left the room, closing the door behind me. I paused an instant, heard the key click in the lock. And I burned in a hot flush of shame that she should be thinking thus basely of me—and with good cause. How could she know, how appreciate even if she had known? "You've had to cut deep," said I to myself. "But the wounds'll heal, though it may take long—very long." And I went on my way, not wholly downcast.

I joined Monson in my little smoking-room. "Congratulate you," he began, with his nasty, supercilious grin, which of late had been getting on my nerves severely.

"Thanks," I replied curtly, paying no attention to his outstretched hand. "I want you to put a notice of the marriage in to-morrow morning's Herald."

"Give me the facts—clergyman's name—place, and so on," said he.

"Unnecessary," I answered. "Just our names and the date—that's all. You'd better step lively. It's late, and it'll be too late if you delay."

With an irritating show of deliberation he lit a fresh cigarette before setting out. I heard her maid come. After about an hour I went into the hall—no light through the transoms of her suite. I returned to my own part of the flat and went to bed in the spare room to which Sanders had moved my personal belongings. That day which began in disaster—in what a blaze of triumph it had ended! I slept with good conscience. I had earned sleep.

XXII.

"SHE HAS CHOSEN!"

Joe got to the office rather later than usual the next morning. They told him I was already there, but he wouldn't believe it until he had come into my private den and with his own eyes had seen me. "Well I'm jiggered!" said he. "It seems to have made less impression on you than it did on us. My missus and the little un wouldn't let me go to bed till after two. They sat on and on, questioning and discussing."

I laughed—partly because I knew that Joe, like most men, was as full of gossip and as eager for it as a convalescent old maid, and that, whoever might have been the first at his house to make the break for bed, he was the last to leave off talking. But the chief reason for my laugh was that, just before he came in on me, I was almost pinching myself to see whether I was dreaming it all, and he had made me feel how vividly true it was.

"Why don't you ease down, Blacklock?" he went on. "Everything's smooth. The business—at least, my end of it, and I suppose your end, too—was never better, never growing so fast. You could go off for a week or two, just as well as not. I don't know of a thing that can prevent you."

And he honestly thought it, so little did I let him know about the larger enterprises of Blacklock and Company. I could have spoken a dozen words, and he would have been floundering like a caught fish in a basket. There are men—a very few—who work more swiftly and more surely when they know they're on the brink of ruin; but not Joe. One glimpse of our real National Coal account, and all my power over him couldn't have kept him from showing the whole Street that Blacklock and Company was shaky. And whenever the Street begins to think a man is shaky, he must be strong indeed to escape the fate of the wolf that stumbles as it runs with the pack.

"No holiday at present, Joe," was my reply to his suggestion. "Perhaps the second week in July; but our marriage was so sudden that we haven't had the time to get ready for a trip."

"Yes—it was sudden, wasn't it?" said Joe, curiously twitching his nose like a dog's at scent of a rabbit. "How did it happen?"

"Oh, I'll tell you sometime," replied I. "I must work now."

And work a-plenty there was. Before me rose a sheaf of clamorous telegrams from our out-of-town customers and our agents; and soon my anteroom was crowded with my local following, sore and shorn. I suppose a score or more of the habitual heavy plungers on my tips were ruined and hundreds of others were thousands and tens of thousands out of pocket. "Do you want me to talk to these people?" inquired Joe, with the kindly intention of giving me a chance to shift the unpleasant duty to him.

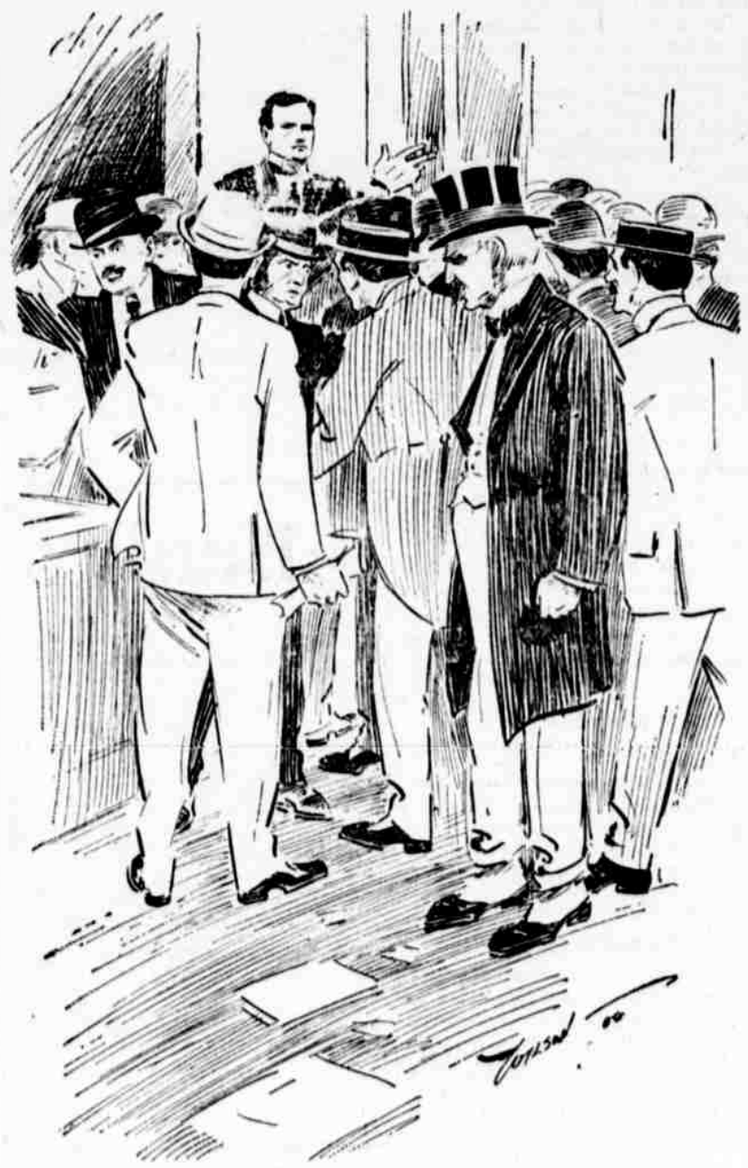
"Certainly not," said I. "When the place is jammed, let me know. I'll jack 'em up."

It made Joe uneasy for me even to talk of using my "language"—he would have crawled from the Battery to Harlem to keep me from using it on him. So he silently left me alone.

Toward ten o'clock, my boy came in and said: "Mr. Ball thinks it's about time for you to see some of these people."

I went into the main room, where the tickers and blackboards were. As I approached through my outer office I could hear the noise the crowd was making—as they cursed me. If you want to rile the true inmost soul of the average human being, don't take his reputation or his wife; just cause him to lose money. There were among my speculating customers many with the even-tenored sporting instinct. These were bearing their losses with philosophy—none of them had swooped on me. Of the perhaps three hundred who had come to ease their anguish by tongue-lashing me, every one was a bad loser and was mad through and through—those who had lost a few hundred dollars were as infuriated as those whom my misleading tip had cost thousands and tens of thousands; those whom I had helped to win all they had in the world were more savage than those new to my following.

I took my stand in the doorway, a step up from the floor of the main room. I looked all round until I had met each pair of angry eyes. They



"I TOOK MY STAND IN THE DOOR-WAY."

say I can give my face an expression that is anything but agreeable; such talent as I have in that direction I exerted then. The instant I appeared a silence fell; but I waited until the last pair of claws drew in. Then I said, in the quiet tone the army officer uses when he tells the mob that the machine guns will open up in two minutes by the watch: "Gentlemen, in the effort to counteract my warning to the public, the Textile crowd rocketed the stock yesterday. Those who heeded my warning and sold got excellent prices. Those who did not should sell to-day. Not even the powerful interests behind Textile can long maintain yesterday's prices."

A wave of restlessness passed over the crowd. Many shifted their eyes from me and began to murmur.

I raised my voice slightly as I went on: "The speculators, the gamblers, are the only people who were hurt. Those who sold what they didn't have are paying for their folly. I have no sympathy for them. Blacklock and Company wishes none such in its following, and seizes every opportunity to weed them out. We are in business only for the bona fide investing public, and we are stronger with that public to-day than we have ever been."

Again I looked from coward to coward of that mob, changed from three hundred strong to three hundred weak. Then I bowed and withdrew, leaving them to mutter and disperse. I felt well content with the trend of events—I who wished to impress the public and the financiers that I had broken with speculation and speculators, could I have had a better than this unexpected opportunity sharply to define my new course? And as Textiles, unsupported, fell toward the close of the day, my content rose toward my normal high spirits. There was no whisper in the Street that I was in trouble; on the contrary, the idea was gaining ground that I had really long ceased to be a stock gambler and deserved a much better reputation than I had.

I searched with a good deal of anxiety, as you may imagine, the early editions of the afternoon papers. The first article my eye chanced upon was a mere wordy elaboration of the brief and vague announcement Monson had put in the Herald. Later came an interview with old Ellersly. "Not at all mysterious," he had said to the reporters. "Mr. Blacklock found he would have to go abroad on business soon—he didn't know just when. On the spur of the moment they decided to marry." A good enough story, and I confirmed it when I admitted the reporters. I read their estimates of my fortune and of Anita's with rather bitter amusement—she whose father was living from hand to mouth; I who could not have emerged from a forced settlement with enough to enable me to keep a trap. Still, when one is rich, the reputation of being rich is heavily expensive; but when one is poor the reputation of being rich can be made a wealth-giving asset.

Even as I was reading these items of my millions, there lay on the desk before me a statement of the exact posture of my affairs—a memorandum made by myself for my own eyes, and to be burned as soon as I mastered it. On the face of the figures the balance against me was appalling. My chief asset, indeed my only asset that measured up toward my debts, was my Coal stocks, those brought and those contracted for; and, while their par value far exceeded my liabilities, they had to appear in my memorandum at their actual market value on that day. I looked at the calendar—seventeen days until the reorganization scheme would be announced, only seventeen days!

Less than three business weeks, and I should be out of the storm and sailing safer and smoother seas than I had ever known. "To indulge in vague hopes is bad," thought I, "but not to indulge in a hope, especially when one has only it between him and the pit." And I proceeded to plan on the not unwarranted assumption that my Coal hope was a present reality. Indeed, what alternative had I? To put it among the future's uncertainties was to put myself among the utterly ruined. Using as collateral the Coal stocks I had bought outright, I borrowed more money, and with it went still deeper into the Coal venture. Everything or nothing!—since the chances in my favor were a thousand, to practically none against me. Everything or nothing!—since only by taking everything could I possibly save anything at all.

Home! For the first time since I was a squat little slip of a shaver the world had a personal meaning for me. Perhaps, if the only other home of mine had been less uninviting, I should not have looked forward with such high beating of the heart to that cold home Anita was making for me. No, I withdraw that. It is fellows like me, to whom kindly looks and unbought attentions are as unfamiliar as flowers to the Arctic—it is men like me that appreciate and treasure and warm up under the faintest show or shadowy suggestion of the sunshine of sentiment. I'd be a little ashamed to say how much money I handed out to beggars and street gamins that day. I had a home to go to!

As my electric drew up at the Willoughby's, a carriage backed to make room for it. I recognized the horses and the coachman and the crest.

"How long has Mrs. Ellersly been with my wife?" I asked the elevator boy, as he was taking me up.

"About half an hour, sir," he answered. "But Mr. Ellersley—I took up his card before lunch, and he's still there."

Instead of using my key, I rang the bell, and when Sanders opened, I said: "Is Mrs. Blacklock in?" in a voice loud enough to penetrate to the drawing-room.

As I had hoped, Anita appeared. Her dress told me that her trunks had come—she had sent for her trunks! "Mother and father are here," said she, without looking at me.

I followed her into the drawing-room and, for the benefit of the servants, Mr. and Mrs. Ellersly and I greeted each other courteously, though Mrs. Ellersly's eyes and mine met in a glance like the flash of steel on steel. "We were just going," said she, and then I felt that I had arrived in the midst of a tempest of uncommon fury.

"You must stop and make me a visit," protested I, with elaborate politeness. To myself I was assuming that they had come to "make up and be friends"—and resume their places at the trough.

She was moving toward the door, the old man in her wake. Neither of them offered to shake hands with me; neither made pretense of saying good-by to Anita, standing by the window like a pillar of ice. I had closed the drawing-room door behind me, as I entered. I was about to open it for them when I was restrained by what I saw working in the old woman's face. She had got her will on escaping from my loathed presence without a "scene;" but her rage at having been outgeneraled was too fractious for her will.

(To be Continued.)

# PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

## ATHLETE IN CHARGE

George W. Woodruff, who has been named by President Roosevelt as acting secretary of the interior during the absence of Secretary Garfield, is one of the best-known authorities on outdoor games in the country, an all around athlete with a number of splendid records to his credit and developed the Pennsylvania university and Carlisle Indian football elevens.

His was the unusual record of having been for his entire four years a member of the football eleven, the track and field teams and the varsity crew. He captained the crew of 1889.

After finishing his classical course at Yale, Mr. Woodruff went to the University of Pennsylvania to study law, and it was here that he made his reputation as one of the foremost football tacticians of his day.

When Mr. Woodruff left college a fighter was wanted in the forest service as law officer, and Mr. Woodruff got the appointment, becoming chief aid to Gifford Pinchot, the government forester. He did yeoman service in organizing the national forest reserve policy, and his industry and ability especially commended itself to the president, who soon discovered that the energetic, restless, planning, hustling attorney was a man of much his own mold.

The acting secretary of the interior is about the same age as Mr. Roosevelt and is not unlike the president in appearance. The shape of the faces, with the prominent teeth, the mustache and the expression of restless energy are not unlike.

Mr. Woodruff is one of five assistants to the attorney general, and is connected with the department of justice, though his assignment is to give advice to the department of the interior in matters where legal points are raised.

## GOTHAM CITY CHAMBERLAIN

James J. Martin, the newly-appointed city chamberlain of New York, who is expected to join Mayor McClellan in his fight to oust Charles F. Murphy from the leadership of Tammany Hall, is one of the most powerful district leaders in the metropolis. He is pointed out as the "last of the old school of politicians," and he says he is proud of the distinction. The notion that the successful politician of the present day is the man who can shake hands, smile sweetly and promise without either fulfilling or offending is scorned by Mr. Martin.

"Politicians should stick more to the truth," says he. "I did it, and I know that it pays. Now and then it creates a little friction for a short time, but it disappears. You can never hold the support of a man to whom you lie, nor can you keep as your friend a man to whom you make promises that you do not keep. My policy always was to tell a man straight off whether I could do a thing or not. If I said I would, I did, and I got along all right."

Mr. Martin has been mentioned dozens of times for the leadership of Tammany Hall, has been the power in the Twenty-seventh district since 1882, has been chairman of the Tammany executive committee, president of the board of police commissioners, and during all his political career has been one of the "big" men in the organization. He was for years one of Richard Croker's counselors. When he resigned as an executive of the organization last September it was said by a political wag, "Martin has left, taking Tammany's brains with him."

Mr. Martin was born in Ireland and came to this country a babe in arms. At the age of 11 years he went to work as an office boy for a lawyer. In 1862, in company with several other boys, he ran away from home and enlisted in the Ninth New York volunteers. He served on the field for a year and then was made head of the clerical force with Gen. Dix. He continued in this office until the end of the war.

## SENT MAGNATES TO JAIL

Lyman Wheeler Wachenheimer, the prosecuting attorney through whose efforts 23 Toledo lumbermen and brick men have been sentenced to jail for violation of the anti-trust laws, is 45 years old and a native of Toledo. He has always been a Democrat. Nine years ago he was nominated for police judge. His opponent was Scott Kelly, who had been nominated for a third term. Kelly was very popular, Toledo was almost hopelessly Republican, nevertheless Mr. Wachenheimer was elected. Before his term was half completed he was the most popular official in the city. He was a terror to law breakers, and the result was a perceptible diminution of crime in Toledo. So well liked was Judge Washenheimer that it was difficult to get a Republican to run against him, and he was chosen a second and third time by overwhelming majorities.

The Republican machine, which had controlled Toledo politics prior to the advent of Mayor Sam Jones, was in close touch with a wing of the Democratic party, and it was proposed by this combine to nominate Judge Wachenheimer for any office he chose to designate. But he rejected the offer and came out as the people's champion and was nominated for prosecuting attorney. The Democrats on the inside called him traitor, but their bitterness served only to nerve him to greater effort, and he won an overwhelming victory over the bosses.

Prosecuting Attorney Wachhenheimer's first big accomplishment was to bring about the indictment of a score or more of bridge men engaged in "grafting" through an organized pool. But they were never brought to trial, owing to the fact that many counties had prior service on them.

He next began a crusade against the Ice Trust, which ended in the members of the trust paying fines and spending ten of last summer's hot days in the local bastile.

## JAPAN'S FOREMOST DIPLOMAT

Viscount Hayashi, minister of foreign affairs in the Japanese cabinet, who recently went to Seoul, the Korean capital, in the interests of his country, which is hopeful that the emperor will abdicate the throne as requested by the premier, is a man much feared by those who would have the present government continue. After the emperor had refused to relinquish his power Japan lost no time in sending Hayashi to the scene and the news of his arrival spread dismay about the palace.

The circumstances leading up to the selection of Hayashi for the important office he now holds are interesting. Marquis Saionji, the prime minister, in reorganizing his cabinet, gave the portfolio of foreign affairs to Takaaki Kato, formerly minister to England. After holding the office only a few days Mr. Kato suddenly resigned, it is said, for reasons never made public. Thereupon Ambassador Hayashi, then at the court of St. James, received an unexpected call to return to Japan and he was placed in the cabinet.

Viscount Hayashi is only 57 years of age, having been born in 1850 in Sakura, a little town near Tokio. His father was a prominent scholar and physician and the son was given a careful education in law and languages. His ability was early recognized and while yet very young he was sent to England to familiarize himself with Anglo-Saxon civilization. In 1891 he was appointed vice minister and began his diplomatic life. As soon as the war with China was over he was sent as minister to China and his success at this post was brilliant. His chief achievement was the commercial treaty between China and Japan which was negotiated and signed by him in 1896. It was he, too, who signed the final revision of the British alliance treaty. He was created viscount for bringing about this treaty.

Admirers of Hayashi say he is a scrupulous and single-minded man. He is sagacious in his methods, sound in judgment, refined in his taste and loyal to his duty. In sending Viscount Hayashi to Korea during the present difficulty the Japanese people are confident their interests will be ably protected.